



FIRST MAGAZINE OF ILLUSTRATED HORROR

CREEPY
#36
NOV

CREEPY

A WARNER
MAGAZINE

PDC
50c

...COME WITH US INTO A
WEIRD WORLD
...ON PAGE 15

CREEPY'S LOATHSOME LORE by Tim Sutton '10

I'VE GOT A **BONE** TO PICK WITH MEDDLING MEDICS WHO THINK *R.I.P.* MEANS *REST IN PIECES!* SEE WHAT I MEAN IN...

THE BODY SNATCHERS WHO STOLE A GIANT!

1780: AN ENGLISH SLEAZEBAG
SHOW ATTRACTION BECOMES
THE OBJECT OF AN EMINENT
PHYSICIAN'S MORBID
FASCINATION



I'LL PAY YOU A FORTUNE
FOR PERMISSION TO
DISSECT YOUR BODY
ONCE YOU... AH.. NO
LONGER HAVE NEED
OF IT?



YOU WANT ME TO BE A
FREAK IN DEATH AS
WELL AS IN LIFE?
DR. HUNTER,
MY ANSWER **NO**



THE DOCTOR'S MEN SAWKED THEIR MIGHTY PRIZE FOR THREE LONG YEARS UNTIL BYRON DIED A NEUROTIC ALCOHOLIC!



BURY ME WHERE THAT
FRIEND CAN'T GET
AT ME!



HOWEVER THE GREEDY UNDERSTAKER WAS BRIBED AND THE GIANTS COFFIN SWITCHED FOR AN IDENTICAL ONE CONTAINING ROCKS! AT THIS MOMENT THE GIANTS FRIENDS TROTTED THEY CONSIGNED HIM TO THE BOTTOM OF THE GEEA, THE GOOD DOCTOR HUNTER WAS HAPPILY AT WORK!



THE RESULT OF HIS DEDICATED LABORS WAS EXHIBITED TO AN EXCITED WORLD...



ROYAL COLLEGE
OF SURGEONS
LONDON





CREEPY NO. 36

NO. 36

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MAIL

“Run a funny story once in awhile!”



Wow! Ken Barr's art and cover for "Lifeboat" in CREEPY #34 was extra superb. Mail! What a trip it was really like the resurrection of the now oft-lamented Star Trek!

WINSOR McNEMO
Cleveland, Ohio

Aside from the fact that issue #34 was consistently excellent, articles and that "Lifeboat" was probably the best script I've seen for a piece of illustrated fiction in more than two years, I must take issue with author Robert Rosen on some "facts" in the story "X-Tra X." I would suggest that if Mr. Rosen is trying to link lycanthropy with genetic abnormalities, he'd better consult a biology textbook first. The statement "genes... are made up of chromosomes" (page 7) is erroneous. Specific genes are located on specific chromosomes.

The only disease I know of which is caused by an extra X chromosome is Klinefelter's Syndrome, a rare disease in the human male. As yet, direct removal of defective chromosomes is impossible. The only feasible way to correct chromosomal abnormality is the injection of hormones which may

in some cases counteract hereditary defects.

Perhaps I'm wrong in ascribing an Isaac Asimov script in CREEPY. But I think you should stick to innocuous subjects like vampirism, lycanthropy, murder, science fiction, etc., without making any attempt to set a biology curriculum back ten thousand years.

THOMAS PREHODA
Schenectady, N.Y.



Hmmm, yes. The doctor was out playing golf the day that script came in. Sorry Tar.

As for your rave for "Lifeboat"—it makes us feel a little edgy and embarrassed. Not that of Uncle Creep can't take flattery, mind you. You see, the story was attributed to Bill Parents. Actually it was scripted by Nicola Culi... and of Unc Creep was responsible. His foul-up set good magazine publishing back twenty thousand years—if not more!

I am writing this letter in honor of the new member of your faculty, Ken Barr. When I gazed upon the cover of issue #34, I knew that Ken was fast becoming one of the best in your Hall of Fame.

Although Ken is not new to the comic field, I'm sure he will bring up the level of CREEPY to what it was back in the good old days. I was even more impressed by the fact that he did the cover story, "Lifeboat." His art was magnificent and Parents' story was more than fabulous. With the addition of Ken Kelly, Don Adams, Don Vaughn and Syd Shores, your magazine will never lose its reign as the number one magazine of illustrated horror.

JOHN LIGHTMAN
Toronto, Ontario



Here that, EERIE! He said number one!



SCENE BY KEN BARR FROM THE SUPER SCIENCE-FICTION EPIC EFFORT, "LIFEBOAT"—
Correspondents McMemo, Prehoda, and Lightman rave FANTABULOUSLY in letters above.

A lot of the letters you and your cohorts have been printing lately have been taking swipes at your "competition." I don't think you really know who your competitors is. Have you seen a copy of "Time" lately? Or "Newsweek"? Broth er, that's your competition. Unc, there's a war on. And the people running it have come up with some pretty groovy

ways of getting rid of people. Compared to them, your vampires and ghouls and werewolves are a bunch of rank amateurs.

Your villains kill people one at a time, and for the most part pay for their evil ways in the end. But these guys—the professionals—are coming up with ways of wiping out hordes at a time. And they get parades in their honor, mad-

als to pin on their chests and the acclaim of a "grateful nation."

Of course, there are some big differences. Your monsters terrorize villages in the mountainous middle Europe. The real monsters are helping to rid the world of the Yellow Peril. The Commie Yellow Peril. And they aren't really like us, as those middle Europeans are. So it's all right. All those years of reading about Ming the Merciless and the bad guys in Buck Rogers' time have made us realize that the world would be much better off without all those yellow peo-ple anyway.

I know you're a good American, Unc. You came here by choice from your native Transylvania—or wherever so you must be. But I think it's time you joined the fight against the fighting. It's only a matter of time before your readers realize that they can get more blood and gore in the news magazines than they ever get from you. And don't forget the news magazines come out every week. You only hit the stands every two months.

GENE BARTON
Aurora, Indiana



FROM "LIFEBOAT"—
Monster BY KEN BARR

IS YOUR NEWSSTAND WITH IT?

If you can't find CREEPY or EERIE or VAMPIRELLA on your favorite newsstand, here's something you can do about it. Just fill out this coupon to let us know where that backward newsstand is. We'll see that they get with it.

This store needs (check one) CREEPY ☐ EERIE ☐ VAMPIRELLA ☐

Store's Name

Store's Address

City

State & Zip

Mail Coupon to:

CREEPY NEWSSTANDS
22 E. 42nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10017

Readers can get more blood & gore in news magazines!

I would like to know if you have stopped printing **VAMPIRELLA** Magazine. Except for **CREEPLY**, I think it is the best I have ever read, and I have read a lot. I have the first four issues, but would like to get the others if there are any. The store I go to does not get this magazine any more. You're my only hope.

DONALD LUTHER
Riverside, Cal.



Much as I hate to admit it, **VAMPIRELLA** is still alive and doing very nicely now in her seventh issue. If your store doesn't have it, keep pestering them until they get it. All they have to do is ask for it themselves. If that doesn't work, order a subscription by sending your name and address with your Zip Code and a check to **VAMPIRELLA**, 22 E. 43d St., New York, N.Y. 10017. A year's subscription is just \$3.00; or you can order two years for \$5.00. The price is the same for **CREEPLY**, by the way.

You've been making too many mistakes. In issue #34, page 10, 6th panel, you had the same caption as page 11, first panel. The pictures are different, but the words are the same.

But don't worry, your stories are still great and your art is still perfect.

JAY GILBERT
Shelby, Ky.

I have been buying your magazine for the past few months, and I am hooked on it again. I first started collecting **CREEPLY** with issue #9. But I quit collecting when the art and stories got bad.

But I felt I just had to write to tell you that your magazine has finally come back to the peak of perfection you set with your earlier issues.

A few comments on the Fan Club pages: I'm sick of seeing amateurish pictures of Frankenstein, Dracula, etc. They have to go in issue #34, these pictures turned out muddy-looking. Is that your printer, or just an artist's mistake? The story, "The Search for the Phosphorus Plant," put me to sleep after the first two paragraphs.

LOUIS WILSON
Albuquerque, N.M.



The Fan Club page is exactly what the name says it is: A collection of stories and art done by our readers. We don't get many professionals asking to be represented there, and we try to select the best of the material that's mailed to us.

This is one time we can honestly say, "Can you do better?" If you think you can, why don't you?



Frazetta's dual of the Monsters... Brought back fan Madeira (letter below).

Of all of your 35 issues, of the 27 issues of **CREEPLY**, my favorite cover is still the one on **CREEPLY** #7. No cover on any magazine anywhere has ever matched it.

Let's see more vampires and werewolves in **CREEPLY**. The story in #7, "Duel of the Monsters," was one of the best. This is the kind of stories I want to see again in

CREEPLY. Let's stop this mad mess of science fiction.

I've also noticed that lately your heroes are killing off a lot of good monsters. This didn't used to be the case. Your monsters used to wind up on top no matter what. So come on. Win up.

How about you and Enrie and Vampirella teaming up in one great story together. Sort of a comedy-horror idea. But do it in her mag, not yours.

JACK MADEIRA
Toronto, Ontario



You're truly and Cousin Enrie will appear together in "Where Satan Dwells" in a future ish of **CREEPLY**. Enrie Colon is busy illustrating this episode taken from the true lives of Cousin Enrie and Uncle Creepy which was chronicled by Ontarioan author, Al Hewes. Watch for it.

I wonder how many of your readers remember the great **Boss Karloff** television series, "Thriller." Or the "Twilight Zone" series when it was in its heyday. They don't have any thing like either one of those shows any more. Which is one reason I'm thankful for magazines like **CREEPLY**, **ENRIE** and **VAMPIRELLA**.

One of the things I enjoyed most about the Karloff show

and **Rod Serling's** great program was that every few weeks or so they'd run a show with a humorous touch. Oh, they managed to hang on to the air of mystery that made them great, but they also managed to get plenty of laughs into the scripts.

And that's something you don't do enough of, Uno. I don't think you should do it often, but a funny story once in a while would be a very nice addition to your already great magazine. Someone recently wrote to you—or was it to **ENRIE**—telling you that you ought to get **Mort Drucker** or one of the other **MAD** regulars to do a story for you. The idea isn't as far-fetched as you might think. I say it would be great fun. Does anybody agree with me?

JIM BOWSER
Scottdale, Penna.

WHO CARES?

Every letter addressed to **DEAR UNCLE CREEPY**, 22 East 43d Street, New York, N.Y. 10017 is carefully read. As many as can be are even printed in the Magazine. . . . And you thought nobody cared!

SUBSCRIBE! BE THE ENVY OF THE GANG! BE THE ENVY OF THE ENTIRE WORLD! DO IT NOW—OR ELSE!



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AM! YOU'RE JUST IN TIME
LITTLE FRIENDS. WE NEED
WITNESSES TO A CONTRACT
THAT'S ABOUT TO BE SIGNED!
THE GENTLEMAN YOU SEE
BELOW IS GOING TO
MAKE A DEVILISH DEAL
JUST TO PROVIDE...

ONE WAY TO BREAK THE BOREDOM

THE PLACE NEW YORK CITY THE TIME
EARLY EVENING ON A FRIDAY NIGHT
FOR MILLIONAIRE GARY WILLIAMS. IT
SHOULD BE THE MOST EXCITING NIGHT
OF THE WEEK GARY IS HANDSOME,
RICH, AND USUALLY GETS WHAT HE
WANTS. SO WHY IS HE SO ANGRY?
LET'S SEE...

THE DEVIL TAKE IT!
FRIDAY AGAIN
AND I HAVE
NOTHING
TO DO!

AHH!
SOMEONE
CALLED ME!



LIFE
IS A SOLID
DRAB WHEN
YOU CAN GET ANY
THING YOU WANT!
THERE'S NO CHALLENGE!

I'M ONLY 27
BUT I'VE DONE
EVERYTHING,
SEEN EVERYTHING,
AND SEEN
EVERYWHERE!

I COULD
TAKE SHEILA
OUT OR GUZY OR
ROSE OR NANCY!
BUT I DON'T KNOW
WHAT THEY WOULD
SAY AND DO AND
WHERE THEY'D
LIKE TO GO! WHAT
A BORE
THEY ARE!

MAN I'M AS BORED
AS THE DEVIL I'D
GIVE ANYTHING TO
ESCAPE THE FEELING

WELL IF YOU'RE **SERIOUS**
ABOUT WHAT YOU JUST
SAID, SARY, I **WOULD**
BE ABLE TO HELP
YOU.

WHAT IN
HEAVEN'S
NAME!

IF YOU'RE GOING TO ASK
HEAVEN ABOUT ME, THEY'LL
TELL YOU NOTHING BUT
DISTORTIONS OF
THE FACTS!

YOU'RE
THE
DEVIL
AREN'T
YOU?



YEP.
THAT'S MY BAG. I'D
LOVE TO STAY AND RAP WITH
YOU, BUT I'VE GOT A
HAPPENING WAITING
FOR ME IN THE
VILLAGE, SO TELL
IT LIKE IT IS.

WELL,
YOU SEE, I'VE
GOT EVERYTHING
I WANT
AND...

OH! I DIG
WHERE YOU'RE AT...
GOT EVERYTHING YOU
WANT AND FED UP
WITH IT, RIGHT?
TRIED ALL THE KICKS
AND WANT SOME-
THING **BIGGER**...?

RIGHT!
I WANT
THE POWER
TO DO
ANYTHING
I WANT!

THAT'S A TALL
ORDER, BUT BEING THAT I
FOLLOW THE PHILOSOPHY OF TELL-
ING IT LIKE IT IS, I'LL ADMIT I
CAN DO IT. BUT YOU WON'T
DO IT.



WHY
NOT?

BECAUSE MY MAN YOU'D BE JUMPING RIGHT BACK INTO THE BAG YOU'RE TRYING TO SPLIT! IF YOU COULD SWING ANYTHING YOU WANTED YOU'D GET JUST AS **BORED** AS YOU WERE BEFORE YOU CALLED ME! AND YOU'D BE OUT YOUR **SOUL** TOO!

BUT I CAN TELL YOU WHAT I CAN DO! I CAN MAKE YOU A **VAMPIRE** A CAT LIKE YOU WOULD DIS **THAT!**

ALL A VAMPIRE? WHY WOULD I WANT TO BECOME A CREATURE LIKE THAT?

BECAUSE YOU LIKE TO **CONTROL** PEOPLE! YOU CAN DO THAT WITH YOUR BRBAD, BUT YOU FIND IT DULL! AS A VAMPIRE YOU COULD DO THAT THRU **FEAR**!

GO ON, I'M LISTENING...

I DIG I'M GETTING TO YOU! AS A VAAMP YOU'D BE POWERFUL BUT NOT SO POWERFUL THAT THINGS WOULD BECOME DULL! YOU'D BE ABLE TO CHANGE TO A BAT OR MUST YOU COULD FLY AND WOULD BE STRONGER TOO!

IT SOUNDS GOOD

DIG IT. WITH THE POWER YOU'D HAVE AS A VAAMP YOU COULD HAVE FUN FOR CENTURIES! JUST SIGN A CONTRACT AND WE'LL MAKE IT LEGAL!

THERE! YOU HAVE MY SIGNATURE! NOW WHEN WILL I GET THOSE POWERS?

IMPATIENT TYPE, HUH? WELL, TAKE A LOOK IN THE MIRROR!

IT'S WILD, HUH? NO IMAGE! YOU'RE A FULL-FLEDGED BLOODSUCKER! GO YE OUT AND TERRORIZE THE MASSES!

OH WOW!
AM I EVER
GOING TO
HAVE A
TIME!

HAPPY HUNTING, BROTHER!
GOTTA RETURN TO MY FANS, YOU
KNOW! THERE'S A WHOLE
WORLD JUST WAITING TO
BE CORRUPTED!

FOR THE PRICE OF HIS SOUL, GARY WILLIAMS HAS BEEN GIVEN ETERNAL LIFE AND THE POWER TO MAKE THAT LIFE AS INTERESTING AS IT IS ENDLESS!

I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE IT! I'VE BEEN GIVEN THE POWER TO DO JUST ABOUT EVERYTHING A MAN CAN DREAM OF! WHAT WILL I DO FIRST?

POOF!

SO LONG
AND
THANKS!

I KNOW! BEVERLY WATERS A CHICK I REALLY FELL FOR IS IN TOWN. I OUGHT TO PAY HER BACK FOR JILTING ME. SORRY.

UTILIZING HIS POWERS OF CHANGE, GARY BECOMES A GIANT BAT AND WITH MALEVOLENT DETERMINATION, WINGS HIS WAY TOWARDS THE HOME OF HIS OLD FLAME.

BEV WAS ALWAYS HIGH-STRUNG, SO IT'LL BE EASY TO HAVE HER TEARING HER HAIR OUT BY THE ROOTS!

AHH, JUST LIKE I REMEMBERED! BEV ALWAYS WENT TO BED EARLY! NOW I'LL SWOOP IN AND GIVE HER THE FRIGHT OF HER LIFE!



UNABLE TO CONTAIN HIS HORRORIFIC DESIRES
THE TRANSFORMED PLAYBOY CRASHES THRU THE
WINDOW, SENDING WAVES OF FEAR THROUGH-
OUT HIS EX-GIRL FRIEND'S FRAGILE FORM!

CRASH

EEEEEE

EEF

I I KILLED
HER! BUT I
ONLY MEANT TO
SCARE BEVERLY,
NOT, NOT...

SUDDENLY
IT IS OVER! BEVERLY'S
SCREAMS END AND HER
VOICE STILLED FOREVER!
GARY WILLIAMS
MILLIONAIRE, PLAYBOY
AND NOW VAMPIRE
HAS KILLED HIS FIRST
VICTIM!

OH, BEV! I'M
SORRY!
I I DIDN'T
MEAN TO
HURT YOU! I
DIDN'T WANT
TO KILL
YOU!

YES! YES! I
DID WANT TO KILL YOU,
BEVERLY! FOR ALL THE
HUMILIATION YOU PUT
ME THRU I'M GLAD
YOU'RE DEAD!

SATAN
WAS RIGHT AS HE
ALWAYS IS! I DO LIKE
TERRORIZING AND KILLING
THOSE WHO CANNOT
FIGHT BACK, AND I'LL
FIND PLENTY OF THEM!
WHEN I GET FINISHED
WITH YOU, WORLD, YOU'RE
GONNA WISH YOU NEVER
HEARD OF GARY
WILLIAMS!

IT IS NOT LONG BEFORE THE TRANSFORMED GARY WILLIAMS PUT HIS WORDS INTO EFFECT! SOON, AFTER HE SPENDS THE SUNLIGHT HOURS RESTING, HE GOES OUT INTO THE WORLD TO SPREAD HIS EVIL MISCHIEF!



SOMETIMES THAT MISCHIEF IS HARMLESS.



BUT MANY TIMES IT WAS NOT!



TRUE TO SATAN'S PROMISE, GARY WILLIAMS FINDS THE LIFE OF A VAMPIRE - AT LARGE ENDORSEMENTLY EXHILARATING FOR MONTHS, FROM COAST-TO-COAST HE TERRORIZES AND KILLS, BARELY ESCAPING EACH TIME!



BUT EVEN A VAMPIRE'S LUCK CAN RUN THIN! OCCASIONALLY, GARY IS CAPTURED AND THE AUTHORITIES, NOT SUSPECTING HE WAS A CREATURE OF THE UNDEAD, TRIED TO HAVE HIM EXECUTED! BUT HE COULD NOT DIE! NOT BY ELECTROCUTION...



...OR BY HANGING! ONLY THE THRUST OF THE WOODEN STAKE THRU THE HEART COULD END HIS HORRIBLE EXISTENCE!



MUCH TIME HAS PASSED SINCE GARY WILLIAMS MADE HIS DEAL WITH THE DEVIL HE HAS CAUSED WAVES OF NAKED FEAR TO SWELL AND RISE IN A WAKE THAT SPREADS ACROSS THE GLOBE



THERE YOU ARE, SIR... ONE WAY TO Ruritania!

DON'T WANT TO SPEND TOO MUCH TIME IN ONE PLACE, SOMEONE MIGHT GUESS MY SECRET! BUT I'M BEGINNING TO RUN OUT OF COUNTRIES I'D NEVER EVEN HAVE HEARD OF THIS JERK - WATER PLACE IF I HADN'T BEEN DRIVEN TO CONSULTING GUIDEBOOKS!



ARRIVING IN RURITANIA, THE UNDEAD WILLIAMS GOES STRAIGHT TO THE SMALL COUNTRY'S CAPITAL...

AHH! **THIS** IS EXACTLY WHAT I WANTED! NO FIRE ARMS AND IT'S A PRIMITIVE HAMLET! LIKE SOMETHING OUT OF THE MIDDLE AGES SHOULD BE GOOD FOR A FEW LAUGHS!



REGISTERING AT A HOTEL FOR TOURISTS, GARY WILLIAMS RESUMES HIS BAT SHIP ONCE AGAIN, TO SEEK FOR VICTIMS WHOSE BLOOD HE MUST HAVE TO EXIST IN THIS PEACEFUL VILLAGE.



FOR A SHORT WHILE IT SEEMS THE BLOOD-THIRSTY CREATURE WILL HAVE TO DO WITHOUT A VICTIM, THEN...



AT LAST PREY FOR THE HUNTER! AND SO PRETTY!



A HORRIBLE INSTANT, A MUFFLED SCREAM. LATER, AND THE TERRIBLE DEED IS DONE! GARY WILLIAMS, IN THE GRIP OF HIS INHUMAN DESIRES, HAS TAKEN ANOTHER LIFE! HIS HEAD BARTS FROM SIDE TO SIDE HOPING NONE HAS SEEN HIS DEED!

IT ENDS SO QUICKLY.

IF ONLY THE HORROR COULD ONLY LAST A FEW MOMENTS LONG...

I'VE BEEN SEEN! MUST GET AWAY BEFORE THE WHOLE TOWN IS AWAKE!

MARY!

MARY! MARY!

THAT'S HIM! HE'S THE STRANGER!

HE WAS NOWHERE TO BE FOUND WHEN MARY WAS KILLED!

YOU'LL PAY FOR THE DEATH OF MY MARY! THE WHOLE TOWN WILL MAKE SURE YOU PAY!

THE VOW OF THE VENGEFUL SUITOR IS DEADLY! SERIOUS, FOR ON THE WAY TO HIS HOTEL, THE TRANS-FORMED VAMPIRE IS WHILAID BY AN ANGRY MOB INFORMED OF HIS CRIME.

KILL HIM!
NO! NOT UNTIL THE TOWN COUNCIL DECIDES.

UNWILLING TO USE HIS POWERS IN FRONT OF A LARGE CROWD, WILLIAMS ALLOWS HIMSELF TO BE CARRIED BY THE MOB UNTIL THEY REACH THE DUNGEON, LOCATED INSIDE THE ANCIENT CASTLE AROUND WHICH THE TOWN IS BUILT.

AN HOUR HAS PASSED SINCE HIS CAPTORS THREW HIM INTO JAIL, BUT GARY WILLIAMS IS NOT WORRIED AND WHY SHOULD HE BE? HOW CAN YOU KILL A VAMPIRE?



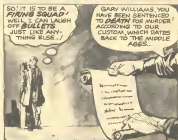
THESE OUT-OF-DATE YOKELS WILL PROBABLY TRY SOMETHING LIKE HANGING OR MAYBE DROWN-ING... OH, OH! I HEAR THEM COMING!



ALL RIGHT, I'M (CHUCKLE) READY!



THESE HICKS THINK THEY'VE GOT AN ORDINARY KILLER! THEY DON'T EVEN SUSPECT I'M A VAMPIRE AN' CAN ONLY BE KILLED BY A WOODEN STAKE IN THE HEART!



SO IT IS TO BE A FIRING SQUAD! WELL, I CAN LAUGH OFF BULLETS JUST LIKE ANYTHING ELSE...!

GARY WILLIAMS, YOU HAVE BEEN SENTENCED TO DEATH FOR MURDER! ACCORDING TO OUR CUSTOM, WHICH DATES BACK TO THE MIDDLE AGES...

YOU WILL DIE BY A VOLLEY OF WOODEN ARROWS FIRED BY CROSSBOWS! AT MY COMMAND LADS, YOU WILL AIM FOR THE HEART AND FIRE!

READY! AIM!!

NO! NO! NOT THAT!



AND REST ASSURED, THE RESIDENTS OF Ruritania ARE RIGHT ON... TARGET, THAT IS! SO YOU CAN GO RIGHT ON... TO MY NEXT TERRIFYING TIDBIT!



QUDDO SEEMED TO BE A PARADISE. IT WAS A LUSH GREEN PLANET OF PEACE AND SOLITUDE. THEN THE PILOT MET THE ISLANDS AND LEARNED THAT THE QUIET PLANET WAS ACTUALLY A TERRIFYINGLY...

WEIRD WORLD

SILAS DONN, PILOT OF THE "LUNA", HAD ONE IMAGE FROZEN IN HIS MIND AS HE NEGOTIED THE MOUNTING G FORCES AND FOUGHT FOR CONTROL OF HIS SHIP. IT WAS A PICTURE OF A BOULDER CRUSHING A TIN CAN AND ON THAT TIN CAN WAS PRINTED THE LETTERS "LUNA!"



PUSHING SOIL, TREES AND BRUSH BEFORE IT, CUSHIONING THE LONG SKID, THE SHIP SURVIVED ITS TAIL FIRE DIED AND DEEP IN ITS BELLY ENGINES RUMBLER FOR A TIME AND THEN WENT SILENT.



THE AIR OF THE PLANET FILLED THE PILOT'S SHATTERED HELMET AND TO HIS RESCUE HE FOUND IT FRESH AND SWEET.



AT LEAST I'VE FALLEN ONTO A LIVABLE PLANET! ONCE I GET TO KNOW THIS PLACE, IT MAY NOT BE BAD AT ALL!







GRON! GRON! GRON!
KRYDIE! KRYDIE!
GRON!

QUICKLY IN
HERE!
HIS RAGE
MAY LAST
FOR
HOURS.



THIS MAY BE A PARADISE,
BUT IT'S AN INSANE ONE
I CAN LIVE WITHOUT IT!
I WANT TO GO HOME...
HOME TO EARTH!

EARTH? I AM FROM
EARTH, OR AT LEAST
MY GRANDPARENTS
WERE. THEY CAME
TO QUODD ALMOST
A HUNDRED YEARS
AGO!



IF YOU CAME FROM EARTH
THEN THERE MIGHT BE A
WAY TO GET BACK. ARE
THERE CITIES SOMEWHERE
OR SPACE SHIPS? WHO
IS THE LEADER OF THIS
PLANET?

NO ONE LEADS.
THERE ARE
NO CITIES.
ALL OF QUODD
IS LIKE THIS.
STAY HERE
AND BE MY
BROTHER.
I WOULD
LIKE TO HAVE A
BROTHER.



YOU'RE LYING TO ME, ALICE!
WHO IS THE **GUARDIAN**?

YOU DON'T WANT TO SEE
HIM. THE WATCHERS WILL
GET US IF WE GO THERE.

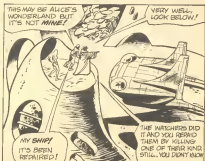
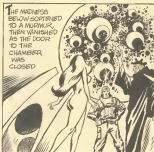


WE ARE
GOING —
NOW!

As they rode
DEEPER INTO
THE FOREST
THE FOLIAGE
CHANGED FROM
BRIGHT GREEN TO
A DULL BROWN. THE
TREES DROOPED
MORE AND
CONTAIN
FEWER
LEAVES.
FLOWERS
WERE
NOWHERE
TO BE
SEEN.







THE CREEPY FAN CLUB!



SKETCH BY LARRY DICKSON—ONTARIO, CANADA



CREEPY POEMS

"Off with their heads!" shouted the Queen. But sometimes, it's the Queen who gets it in the neck. As in this poem by Harry Balmforth of East Sullivan, Maine.

ROYALTY
by Harry Balmforth

The night so black
ever lasting long
The dampness so cold
an everlasting strong
is love or hate
an everlasting wrong?
Why ask me, why?

It thought from thought
going to be kind?
It thought from thought
hoping someone will find?
It thought from thought
an everlasting bond?
Why ask me, why?

Love for her people
love for you
Love for her people every
trying to get through
Will it be over in the
morning dew?
Why ask me, why?

Never a morning
has anyone seen
Where had the night gone,
where had it been?
The moon's cold light
on the guilotine,
Why ask me, why?

Townsperson listen
Coke they have eat,
The young blood spout
for death she has met
Is it the name that stands
raging, Marie Antoinette?
Why ask me, why?

A man who calls himself
"Count Wolfgang Von Rumber"
wrote this poem. Though he
didn't say where he could be
found, his letter hinted that his
real name might be John
Dearden. . .

THE WITCH OF THE CAVE
by John Dearden

Out by yonder archaic welter
There stands
a weatherbeaten cross.
The soil beneath
the obituous memorial
is thoroughly scattered
with marks.

You marker marks
an ill-dug grave
The site of a witch most dead
in this grave that I have made.
She was conveniently laid
When a bullet buried
deep in her head!

That witch of this cave it,
thank God,
is her grave.
With a bullet buried
deep in her head,
But when I ponder it
over sometimes,
I wonder if I should
have dashed

The old cross instead
Was topped,
The Lead charge was set to fire
And it struck home,
SHAZAM! right between
the eyes!

And for that charitable act,
I'm afraid I must die.
For when I shot you
evil slattern
All the villagefolk heard
the faithful bang.

And for that traitful sound,
I'm afraid at dawn
I must hang.
They call it murder!
I call it charity.
As I watch the breaking dawn,
I know that by next midnight
I'll be meeting my friend,
The witch of the cave,
Where I know she must
have gone!

accidents will happen, of
course. But there's always
someone involved who just
can't bring himself to read
and enjoy E. Paul E. King,
of Brookfield, Ill., tells of some-
one into it in his story . . .

TUNNEL OF TERROR
by Paul E. King

"What's happening?"
"We've crashed! First!"
"No . . . AIGIS! Someone
help me, please!"
A long train had jumped the
track into a shallow, muddy
ditch. The newspapers and the
broadcasters had said the
crack flyer was only a misad-
venture, not a catastrophe. Yet
the tragedy struck. A flam-
ing inferno consumed panic
as hundreds of frightened pas-
sengers fled for their lives. Many
were trampled to death, for
they stood in the path of
others stronger than them-
selves. There was no room for
chivalry here. It was fight or

flight. The train was
pure air once more. Falling on
the sudden ground, some
clutch the soil desperately to
secure a few fumble stiles the
air. Continuing, the sound
of the train was a muffled
thud. Then the night marvel
slept like Krakatoa, shov-
eling its head into the earth,
flying hot metal. Anguish
crack all the air as the honor
train. Death snatched the ac-
cused sleep comes to rest.
In the midst of the wreck, a

Everybody knows there are
monsters everywhere you look.
But down in Big Spring, Texas,
Rodney E. Hamrick was
forced to look to the stars to
find . . .

DOOMSDAY MONSTERS
by Rodney E. Hamrick

The warrior inhabitants of
the planet Fentris IV and their
barbaric adventures of Sestrie
II had been in continuous bat-
tle for more than 12 centuries
when the leaders of the two
worlds met on a dreary plane-
toid for an important confer-
ence. Both planets realized
that their constant conflict had
created a severe threat to their
whole galaxy. Nuclear attacks
had brought about an alarming
level of radioactivity in their
star system. Both agreed that
the time had come to end their
war. Or to ban the use of
atomic weapons.

The talks lasted for months.
Finally, the leaders arrived at
a solution. Each would return
to his own planet and select a
champion to represent his
world in a climactic battle. In
particular, were discussed
about what sort of candidates
would be allowable, so each of
the leaders agreed to come
up with the most ferocious
creature his planet could pro-
duce.

On a previously agreed
upon date, the two leaders re-
turned to the planetoid. Each
with his authorized champion.
Both men were confident of
success and they watched with
sagacious anticipation as the
beasts were unleashed against
each other.

The monster from Fentris
IV was a gigantic lizard that
trembled over the barren plain.
The champion of Sestrie II
was equally awesome, its evil eyes
protruding from its bony skull
on two long tentacles. Other
tentacles, barbed with deadly
looking claws, stalked out in

front of it. The creature moved
forward slowly on small foot-
like structures on its back.
"I see you have brought the
greatest beast," commented the
Sestrian leader. "But it will
be no match for mine!"

The two monsters advanced
slowly upon each other.
"I've never seen a beast like
yours," said the Fentris com-
mander. "Where did you find
it?" The two men's eyes were
grimly focused upon the two
great beasts on the plain below
them.

"Oh, some of my men found
it on a small planet called Quas-
to V," he answered. Suddenly,
the face of the Fentris leader
turned deathly pale.

"Don't you know what
you've done?" he shouted
but his beast is pure and true!
But you have no idea what will
happen when it comes in con-
tact with a matter-creator as
large as the planet!"

But before either man could
consider the possibilities, the
two monsters leaped toward each
other with a loud roar that
soon blossomed into an awe-
some sound.

The hellish force of the evil
matter beast hurled toward
until it had engulfed the
tiny planetoid, but the en-
tire surrounding star system
Fentris IV was first to feel the
impact. Sestrie II was vaporized
in minutes.

The shock waves reverber-
ated through the universe for
more than 12 centuries.

Many of the world's
Sestrian people never saw it
you submit a drawing or story to
the CREEPY FAN CLUB
22 East 42nd St.
New York, N.Y. 10017
—and we'll send you a free
copy of the book of the
club!

figure slowly rising. Trembling
fingers hold a bleeding fore-
head as a young man of 27
stagers into the light. He
was once until he took an old
gravel road in his pain grows
to almost unbearable propor-
tions. Hours pass. His eyelids
begin to flutter as he regains
his composure. As his still
teaches his spine, Gauding into
the airy sky, he notices it is
raining. A downpour that soaks
his very soul.

"My wife! My children! I
must get word to them," he
mutters. Thrilled to be alive,
he staggers forward, seeking
shelter from the rain. Then he
sees a narrow cave. The figure
climbs to wait there until the
cave is past.

Hurrying into the opening,
he slides against the jagged
wall, thankful for the security
it gives him. Hand clutched
and cold air rise up from below
him. Turning his head, the
wounded man wonders aloud.

"How did this night as a
Gothic place like this? Maybe
there's another way
out down there."
Curiously, he follows the
winding tunnel in search of
help and escape. Twelve he
horrorable on the crown floor,
cutting his hands on the sharp
rocks. Blood spilling from his
throat, he presses forward.
Then he sees a light. He feels
renewed hope.

Creeping from the narrow
corridor of the tunnel, he
gazes into the vastness of a
huge cavern. His head aches
violently, and he feels a blast
of hot air on his face. Then
he sees a narrow cave. The figure
climbs to wait there until the
cave is past.

"I'm glad you finally ar-
rived. Was a little disturbed
when you were lost among
the darkness. But you're here now
and welcome. You'll be most
comfortable here. I'm sure.
Welcome, my friend, to
Hades."

THIS
DOOMSDAY
MONSTER



WAS
DRAWN
BY
LARRY
DICKSON,
OF
ONTARIO,
CANADA,
WHO
WILL BE
DOING A
STORY FOR
US IN AN
UP-AND-COMING
ISSUE
OF
CREEPY!

THIS
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WHO
WILL BE
DOING A
STORY FOR
US IN AN
UP-AND-COMING
ISSUE
OF
CREEPY!

APOCALYPSE!
Makes the end of the world.
Something you'll never see if
you submit a drawing or story to
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LAUGH, CLOWN, LAUGH! LAUGHTER CURES AN
AILING HEART! THE HAPPIEST SOUND ON EARTH
IS THE LAUGHTER OF LITTLE CHILDREN! LAUGH
AND THE WORLD LAUGHS WITH YOU! WHY AM I
IN SUCH A GOOD MOOD? BECAUSE I KNOW
AS YOU SOON WILL, THAT...

FRANKENSTEIN IS A CLOWN

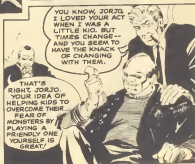


ARTIST... CARLOS GARZON





IT WAS THE FIRST SHOW FOR THE NEW COMPANY. JORJO ENTERED, THE SPONSOR'S VIEWING ROOM A LITTLE FEARFULLY-- DID THEY LIKE IT? WOULD THEY RETAIN THE OPTION?



I SURE HOPE I DIDN'T OVERDO IT. I LOVE THOSE OLD HORROR MOVIES, AND I HOPE I'M JUST SPOOFING THEM IN A FRIENDLY FASHION. I CERTAINLY DON'T WANT TO TURN THEM INTO COMEDIES!

DON'T WORRY, JORJO. KIDS ARE A RESILANT LOT-- AND THEY'LL STILL LOVE THOSE OLD MOVIES JUST LIKE YOU DO!

SOON JORJO'S SHOW WAS THE HIT OF THE NATION. EVERYWHERE HE WENT, CHILDREN KNEW OF IT AND CROWDED THEIR LOVE ON HIM.

THERE YOU GO. IT SAYS "HAPPY HAUNTING TO DONNIE TRUEK FROM THE FRIENDLY FRANKENSTEIN."

THANKS! THANKS A LOT!

AND STILL THE SHOW CONTINUED...

READY OR NOT, HERE SHE COMES!

AND JORJO PAID BACK THEIR LOVE IN THE ONLY COIN HE HAD-- HIMSELF.

THANKS, FRANKENSTEIN. I SURE WILL.

NO, I'M NOT REALLY SMASHED UP. I'M JUST AN ORDINARY GUY IN GREASEPAINT. WHEN YOU GET OUT OF HERE, BE SURE TO VISIT ME AT THE SHOW.

AND OFF WITH THE MASK AND WHAT'S UNDERNEATH? A GUY SO ORDINARY LOOKING THE KIDS WOULD NEVER KNOW ME. WELL, AFTER ALL, I AM JUST A TIRED OLD CLOWN.

BACK IN THE '30'S, THE BIG TOP WAS STILL BIG. AND EVERYBODY CAME TO SEE ME.

THE KIDS LOVED ME THEN, TOO...



BUT BY THE '50'S, THE BIG TOP WAS SHRINKING, HARDLY ANY KIDS EVER CAME TO SEE ME, AND DIDN'T EVEN KNOW WHAT A CLOWN WAS WHEN THEY DID.



WELL, OLD-TIMER, WHERE WOULD YOU BE TODAY IF YOU HADN'T GOT THE IDEA FOR THE FRIENDLY FRANKENSTEIN? IN THE OLD CLOWN'S HOME?



AS JORJO DROVE HOME THAT EVENING...

AND WHERE WOULD YOU BE WITHOUT THE KIDS? GEE, I LOVE THEM... MAYBE I SHOULD HAVE MARRIED ANNE AND...



CRANG
KERRASH!



DADDY WILL JORJO BE ALL RIGHT?

I SURE HOPE SO SWEETHEART!



BUT, THE NEXT DAY...

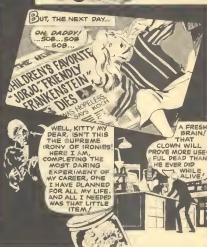
OH DADDY!
...SOS... SOS
...SOS...

THE NEW
CHILDREN'S FAVORITE
"JORJO, FRIENDLY
FRANKENSTEIN"
DIES

THIS HOPELESS
BOY'S KOCH

WELL, KITTY MY DEAR, ISN'T THIS THE SUPREME IRONY OF IRONIES? HERE I AM, COMPLETING THE MOST DARING EXPERIMENT OF MY CAREER, ONE I HAVE PLANNED FOR ALL MY LIFE. AND ALL I NEEDED WAS THAT LITTLE ITEM!

A FRESH BRAIN!
THAT CLOWN WILL PROVE MORE USEFUL DEAD THAN HE EVER DID WHILE ALIVE!





YES, KITTY DEAR, THIS WILL PROVE CONCLUSIVELY THAT MY SKILL IS NOT LIMITED TO BRAIN SURGERY! ISN'T IT AMUSING! THOSE FOOLS AT THE HOSPITAL ACTUALLY THOUGHT THE CLOWN WAS ABOUT TO DIE! WHAT A FINE JEST!!



AND STILL ANOTHER IRONY! THIS POOR FOOL WHO PLAYS A COMIC FRANKENSTEIN ON TELEVISION SHALL NOW BECOME ONE IN ACTUALITY! THE COSMOS HAS A FINE SENSE OF HUMOR, DOESN'T IT, KITTY DEAR?



IT LIVES! NOW I KNOW HOW IT IS TO FEEL LIKE A GOD!



KWINN! SATZ SKREEOW! ZOTZ!



HE MUST REMAIN BACK HERE WHERE IT IS VERY COOL. TOO MUCH HEAT WILL CAUSE THE SUTURES AROUND THE BRAIN TO TEAR LOOSE-- AND THE "MONSTER" WILL BE A MONSTER INDEED!



WHAT-- WHAT HAPPENED? THE TRUCK...



BUT THESE AREN'T MY HANDS!



MY FACE! MY FACE! IS IT MAKEUP...?



"NO! IT DOESN'T
COME OFF! IT'S
REAL! THIS ISN'T MY
BODY! IT ISN'T MY
FACE! WHAT'S BEEN
DONE TO ME?"



WHY AM
I CAGED
LIKE AN
ANIMAL...
WHY?!



EP! I AM
YOUR BENEFACTOR,
YOUR GOD! I
TOOK YOUR BRAIN
FROM THAT WEAK
AND WEARY BODY
AND PUT IT IN
THIS FINE YOUNG
ONE!

YOU! YOU
MADE ME INTO
WHAT I ONLY
PRETENDED TO
BE! YOU
ARE A
MONSTER!



NO!
ARGHHH!



"HE'S DEAD!
I WAS SO
FRIGHTENED...
CONFUSED...
DIDN'T REALIZE
HOW STRONG
THIS BODY IS! I'VE
GOT TO GET
OUT OF HERE!"



I KNOW THIS AREA
IT ISN'T TOO FAR TO MY
HOME... BUT HOW CAN
I LIVE... FACE
PEOPLE LOOKING...
LIKE THIS!!

THEN, AS JORJO ENTERED
HIS HOME UNDETECTED!



THE SHOW!
THEY'RE USED TO
SEEING ME IN MONSTER
MAKEUP...AND THE
KIDS! I WON'T HAVE
TO DISAPPOINT THE KIDS...

"YES, IT'S FANTASTIC, MANNY...
KID DID SOMETHING STRANGE--
BUT I'M ALL RIGHT NOW! YOU KNOW
IT'S ME FROM WHAT
I TOLD YOU ABOUT
THE CIRCUS! ARE
THE CAST AND
CREW READY?"

UH, YEAH,
JORJO-- THEY
WERE GOING
TO HOLD A
MEMORIAL FOR
YOU... GEE,
THEY'LL BE
GLAD TO KNOW
YOU'RE OKAY!

AND MANNY
WHEN I COME
IN, I'LL ALREADY
BE IN MAKEUP.
I'M TRYING
OUT A NEW
ONE.





Feel like chirping a lullaby,
my fine feathered friends?
Not for me, but for my
friend, Ahzid, who
thinks he can
fly the coop...

DO YOU
EVER
DREAM,
GREAT
STATUE?

NO, AHZID. I DO NOT DREAM. THERE
WAS A TIME LONG AGO, AND FAR AWAY
WHEN I DID. BUT NOW THAT I AM
TURNED TO STONE, I DO NOT. YOU MAY
TELL ME OF YOUR DREAMS, THOUGH.
I WILL LISTEN.

ON THE
WINGS
OF A

BIRD

I DREAM,
GREAT
STATUE,
THAT SOME-
DAY THE BIRD
OF HOPE WILL
RISE UP, AND
ON THAT DAY,
I WILL CLIMB
UPON ITS
BACK....



"Together we will fly away
to freedom, and my unjust im-
prisonment here will be ended..."



"We will fly together from world to world..."



"And when I have found the most beautiful world in the universe..."



"I WILL STAY THERE..."



"WHAT IS WHAT I DREAM, GREAT STATUE?"



"BUT HERE - HERE I HAVE ONLY DESPAIR!"



"NO, AIZO, YOU DO NOT HAVE DESPAIR, NOT YET YOU DO NOT EVEN KNOW THE MEANING OF THAT CONCEPT."



"ARE YOU MOCKING ME, GREAT STATUE?"

"NO, I AM NOT MOCKING YOU I AM MADE OF STONE; I AM NO LONGER CAPABLE OF EXPRESSING EMOTIONS OF ANY FORM."



"SOMEDAY, GREAT STATUE, PERHAPS I WILL FIND THE WAY TO MAKE EVEN YOU FREE."

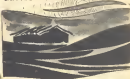
THE BIRD OF HOPE HAS NOT MOVED FOR MANY CENTURIES, AND THERE IS LITTLE CHANCE THAT IT WILL EVER BRING YOU FREEDOM!

BUT IT WILL, GREAT STATUS, IT WILL, I MUST GO AND SLEEP NOW, BUT I WILL RETURN TO STAND BY THE SIDE OF THE BIRD OF HOPE... AS I HAVE FOR EVERY DAY OF MY IMPRISONMENT HERE.

SOMEDAY, SOMEDAY...



SLEEP COMES TO ANZIO AS NIGHT COMES TO THE ARID WORLD THAT IS HIS PRISON. AND IN THAT NIGHT, IN THAT SLEEP, A GREAT BREEZE STIRS AND THE SUN-BLASTED SANDS SHIFT AND WALK...



WIND! LIKE NO WIND I HAVE EVER FELT...



WHAT COULD CAUSE SUCH A WIND ON THIS DEAD, DESPAIRING WORLD...?



UNLESS...





WHILE THE BIRD OF HOPE
S'LL FLY. I WON'T BE
STOPPED!



YOU WON'T DENY ME
MY FREEDOM!



YOU
WON'T!

AND IF WE SLAY THE BIRD OF HOPE, AHZO?

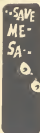


YOU FIGHT WELL,
AHZO. BUT FOR
NOTHING! YOUR
SWORD IS BROKEN
USELESS...

JUST LIKE YOUR
DREAMS OF
FREEDOM!



THE BIRD OF HOPE SHALL
NOT BE KILLED AND I SHALL
NOT BE BEATEN! YOU'LL
NEVER FORCE US BACK
TO THAT PRISON... NEVER!



IN TIME SLEEP ENDS. IN TIME MORNING COMES. HOT AND HOPELESS AS EVERY OTHER MORNING. AHZID RISES LATE...



WALKS SLOWLY FROM HIS HUT, STARES DULLY AT THE UNSHIFTING SAMENESS OF THE WORLD AROUND HIM...



BUT AS HIS EYES SCAN THE HORIZON, HE SENSES SOMETHING IS WRONG! IT IS ONLY A MOMENT BEFORE HE REALIZES WHAT IT IS...



YES, AHZID, THE BIRD OF HOPE HAS FLOWN. ONLY ITS IMPRESSION IN THE SAND IS LEFT. I TRIED TO CALL YOU, BUT YOU WERE FAST ASLEEP AND COULD NOT HEAR ME. IT LEFT QUIETLY IN THE NIGHT...

BUT THEN, THE BIRD OF HOPE ALWAYS LEAVES THAT WAY! NOW YOU DO KNOW THE TRUE MEANING OF DESPAIR....



YOU SEE, MY BIRD OF HOPE LEFT MANY CENTURIES AGO. WHEN I WAS TURNED TO STONE AND SENT TO THIS CURSED, NOWHERE WORLD. BUT FOR YOU, IT DID NOT LEAVE UNTIL NOW, WHEN YOU REALIZED THERE WAS NO ESCAPE... NOT NOW, NOT TOMORROW, NOT EVER!



THAT, AHZID, IS DESPAIR.

SOMEWHERE, THEY SAY, THERE IS A NOWHERE WORLD. AND ON IT ARE TWO BEINGS WHO CAN NEVER DIE. NEITHER HAS MOVED FOR MANY CENTURIES, ONE STANDS BECAUSE HE IS MADE OF STONE, THE OTHER KNEELS BECAUSE HE IS NOT.



THE END.





HOLD ONTO
YOUR HELMETS,
SPACE-FREAKS!
WE'RE GOING ON A
SCAVENGER HUNT
IN OUTERSPACE WITH
FOUR DESPERADOS
EMBARKING ON
A...

FORBIDDEN JOURNEY!



THE SPACE-DUCKS
BUZZED WITH INTER-
STELLAR RADIO COMMUNI-
CATION. A STOLEN SHIP HAD
ENTERED A **RESTRICTED**
ZONE AND BEFORE IT COULD
BE STOPPED BY THE DISAB-
LING BLASTERS, THE SHIP
PENETRATED "WARP SPACE."



IT WORKED!
I WOULDN'TA
BELIEVED IT--!

BUT WHERE **ARE WE?**
I DON'T RECOGNIZE ANY
OF THE STAR FORMATIONS.

R. Buckler '70





CAPTAIN HALE RETURNED WITH HIS HAND-BLASTER STILL IN HIS HAND. PLANETFALL'S BEGAN TO FILL THE VIEWSCREEN AS THE SHIP APPROACHED THE PLANET THAT WOULD SOON MAKE THEM RICH MEN.



THEN SUDDENLY A FLOATING HORROR FLUTTERED PAST THE BRIDGE'S VIEWSCREEN...

OH, MY GOD!

GILBERTS
WHAT-?



EVANS TOOK ONE LOOK AT HALE'S UNHOLSTERED GUN AND KNEW THE TRUTH...



HALE--
WHAT IN
GOD'S NAME
DID YOU
DO--?

GILBERTS WAS ONE
OF US! WHY'D YOU
HAVE TO KILL HIM?
WHY-?



CAPTAIN HALE HADN'T BOTHERED TO GAUGE HIS BLOW. NOW EVANS WAS DEAD...

KEEP A
STEADY COURSE,
MASON! UNLESS
YOU HAVE
MUTINY IN
MIND TOO...

YES
SIR! I
MEAN...
NO SIR.



YOU
LOUSY,
MURDERIN'
SONUNA--
AAAGGH!

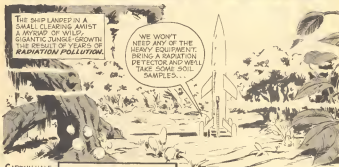


CAPTAIN HALE DISPOSED OF EVANS BODY, AND THE PIRATE SHIP CONTINUED ITS COMPUTER-GUIDED COURSE. ONLY NOW SHE CARRIED TWO PASSENGERS... TWO MEN WHO KNEW THE ADVANTAGES OF SPLITTING TWO WAYS INSTEAD OF FOUR.



THE SHIP LANDED IN A SMALL CLEARING AMIST A MYRIAD OF WILD, GIGANTIC JUNGLE-GROWTH THE RESULT OF YEARS OF RADIATION POLLUTION.

WE WON'T NEED ANY OF THE HEAVY EQUIPMENT. BRING A RADIATION DETECTOR AND WE'LL TAKE SOME SOIL SAMPLES...



CAPTAIN HALE SMILED VICIOUSLY. HIS YEARS OF SWEAT UNDER THE FEDERATION'S THUMB WOULD FINALLY PAY OFF. NOW, HE WOULD HAVE ENOUGH WEALTH... POWER NOW TO STRIKE BACK. AT THE SYRTE STEAM, WHOSE RULES AND REGULATIONS HAD BENT AND SHAPED HIM INTO A MERE MACHINE!

THE STRONGEST READING IS COMING FROM THAT DIRECTION, CAPTAIN!



BUT HOURS OF EXCAVATING PROVED FRUITLESS...

NOTHING! THE RADIATION INDICATOR IS GOING WILD BUT THERE'S NO-THING BUT DIRT AND MUD!





WHAT ARE YOU TRY-
ING TO PULL? I **KNOW**
THERE'S THURIUM HERE!
THERE'S **GOTTA** BE...
AND I'M GONNA FIND
IT... WITH OR WITH-
OUT YOUR HELP.

HALE,
DON'T BE
A FOOL.



HAVEN'T YOU
GUESSED YET? THERE'S
NO THURIUM HERE!

YOU WERE
WRONG!
DON'T YOU
SEE? HALE,
DON'T
DO IT!

MASON'S WORDS TRAILED OFF, RE-
PLACED BY CRIES OF TERROR AS HE
SAWK INTO THE SUCKING JUNGLE MUD...



YOU'RE
MAKING A
TERRIBLE
MUD--



HALE...
**FOR GOD
SAKES,
HELP ME!
HALE...!**

MASON'S SCREAMS WERE STIFLED
BY THE THICK MUD AS IT
COVERED HIS HELMET / SOON
HIS OXYGEN WOULD GIVE OUT
AND DEATH WOULD COME...



YOU WERE THE
ONE WHO WAS WRONG,
MASON / THERE **IS**
THURIUM HERE--AND
I'LL BE THE ONE
TO FIND IT!

THE FEDERA-
TION HAS KEPT
IT SECRET LONG
ENOUGH / THEY **OWE**
ME... FOR ALL THOSE
YEARS OF SWEAT!
AND I'M GONNA GET
WHAT'S COMING
TO ME!





CAPTAIN HALE
RETRACED HIS
STEPS BACK TO
THE SHIP KNOW-
ING HIS OXYGEN
SUPPLY WOULD
SOON BE EX-
HAUSTED. SOME-
HOW, THE WAY
BACK SEEMED
LONGER...

AS HALE
APPROACHED
THE CLEAR-
ING, MASON'S
DEATH
FLASHED IN
HIS MIND.
WHAT WAS
IT THAT
WAS SO
STRANGELY
FAMILIAR
ABOUT THIS
PLANET? 7
AND WHERE
WAS THE
SHIP...?



THEN SUDDENLY
HALE SAW THE
ANSWER TO
BOTH HIS
QUESTIONS...

LORD...
NO!!

THE GREAT SHIP SANK SLOWLY
IN THE JUNGLE MUCK--THE MUD
OF A DEAD PLANET.

THE SPACE CAPTAIN HAD FAILED
IN HIS BLIND RAGE OF VENGEANCE,
TO GUESS THAT HIS GOAL WAS
NOTHING BUT AN ILLEGAL...
GALACTIC GARBAGE PUMP!

"LOOKS LIKE THE CAPTAIN'S
PLANS SORT OF FELL THROUGH /
OH, WELL... WHILE THE MORAL OF OUR
STORY **SINKS IN**, SHALL WE TURN
THE PAGE AND UNEARTH ANY NEXT
DECAYING **DISASTER-PIECE**..."

PROLOGUE:
AN
AUTOMOBILE
SPEEDS
THROUGH
THE
NIGHT,
ON A RAIN-
SWEEP
MOUNTAIN
ROAD...



WATCH THE SPEED! AL!
THESE ROADS ARE
TERRIBLE IN THE
RAIN! ONE SLIP
AND WE GO OVER
THE SIDE OF THE
MOUNTAIN!

CARL: I GOTTA MAKE THAT EARLY
MORNING MEETING IN L.A.! RELAX...
I KNOW WHAT I'M DOING!



YEP, CARL! YOU'RE
A LUCKY MAN TO
HAVE LINDA...
SHE'S THE
FINEST
WOMAN
I'VE EVER...

AL!
WATCH
IT! THE
BEND!
LOOK OUT!



AL! WHAT ARE YOU
DOING?! STRAIGHTEN OUT!




WE'RE
GOING
OVER!
I... SUNGHTS




AND ONLY SILENCE FOLLOWS...

WHAT DO YOU DO WHEN A CORPSE ISN'T
SMART ENOUGH TO LAY DOWN AND ACT
DEAD? WELL, I'VE GOT A STORY FOR
YOU ABOUT JUST SUCH A **STURBORN**
STIFF, WHICH I CALL...

IF A BODY MEET A BODY



UNNNHHH... WH... WHAT HAPPENED? WHERE AM I?
WHAT... I... I CAN'T REMEMBER! BUT THIS IS MY
OWN BACK YARD! I'M HOME!



LINDA! LINDA? I'M HOME.
HONEY! HAUM... NO ANSWER!
MAYBE SHE'S IN THE
LIVING ROOM!

NOBODY HERE! WHAT TH-- A
WREATH AROUND MY PHOTO!
WAIT! NOW I REMEMBER!

AL AND I WERE
DRIVING HOME...
WE HAD AN
ACCIDENT!

THEY MUST THINK I'M DEAD!
POOR LINDA! WELL, I
DON'T KNOW HOW I GOT
INTO MY BACK YARD BUT
I CAN'T WAIT TO TELL
HER ABOUT WHAT AN
INCREDIBLE MISTAKE
HAS BEEN MADE!


LINDA! IT'S ME...
CARL! I'M SO
GLAD YOU'RE
BACK! THERE'S
BETH SOME
SORT OF
TERRIBLE
MISUNDER-
STANDING!

LINDA! WHAT'S WRONG? CAN'T
YOU HEAR ME? WHY DON'T YOU
ANSWER? YOU ACT AS IF I'M NOT HERE!

(SOB) IT
WAS A
LOVELY
FUNERAL, CARL!
(CHOKES) I
WISH YOU
COULD HAVE
SEEN IT! YOU
LOOKED JUST
AS IF YOU WERE
ONLY ASLEEP!
(SOB)

FUNERAL? ME? B-BUT I'M
NOT DEAD! THERE'S BEEN A
HORRIBLE MISTAKE! DO YOU
HEAR ME? LINDA?!


SHE
CAN'T
HEAR YOU,
CARL!



AL! IT'S YOU! THANK GOD
SOMEBODY WILL PAY ATTENTION
TO ME! WHAT'S
GOING ON HERE?



PREPARE YOURSELF
FOR A SHOCK, CARL...
THIS WON'T BE EASY!



REMEMBER THE ACCIDENT, CARL? WE
DROVE OFF A CLIFF! IT KILLED BOTH OF
US!

LINDA JUST
CAME BACK
FROM YOUR
FUNERAL!
THAT'S WHY
SHE CAN'T
HEAR YOU!



NO! NO! IT
CAN'T BE TRUE!
I'M NOT DEAD!
I'M SOLID!
I CAN FEEL
THIS CHAIR
UNDER ME!
I'M NO
GHOST!

OF COURSE
YOU'RE SOLID,
CARL! WHY
NOT? NOBODY
REALLY
KNOWS WHAT
A GHOST IS
LIKE UNTIL
YOU BECOME
ONE... AND
THEN
YOU CAN'T
TELL
ANYBODY!

BUT
LINDA...



LINDA CAN'T
SEE OR HEAR
YOU... AND
WON'T UNTIL
SHE PASSES
ON! YOU
COULD TOUCH
OR EVEN KISS
HER, BUT
YOU'D ONLY
TERRIFY HER!
BEST TO LET
WELL ENOUGH
ALONE!



BUT I CAN
SEE, HEAR AND
TOUCH YOU!

OF COURSE... I'M A DEAD SPIRIT TOO!
I WAS ALLOWED TO RETURN BECAUSE OF YOUR
CONFUSION... TO TAKE YOU BACK WITH ME...
WHERE YOU BELONG!



OH, YOU COULD WANDER
THE EARTH FOREVER IF
YOU CHOSE, BUT IT WOULD
BE A LONELY, MISERABLE
EXISTENCE! IT'S MORE
RESTFUL ON THE OTHER
SIDE!.. TAKE THE
WORD OF AN OLD
FRIEND!

ALL... ALL RIGHT! I MUST
ACCEPT IT! I'LL GO WITH
YOU! JUST... JUST GIVE
ME ONE LAST LOOK AT
MY LINDA! A LOOK TO
LAST FOR ETERNITY!

NOT ETERNITY!
JUST TILL SHE
CROSSES THE THRESH-
OLD AND JOINING
YOU!

ALL RIGHT... LET'S GO!
WHAT'S NEXT... HOW
DO I... *GAAGH!*

THE ROAD
WHERE WE
DIED! HOW
DID WE GET
HERE?

THE
DEAD
TRAVEL
DIFFERENTLY
THAN THE
LIVING! WHAT
YOU MUST DO
NOW IS VERY
DIFFICULT!
YOU MUST
REPEAT
YOUR DEATH!
JUMP OFF
THE CLIFF...
I'LL MEET
YOU ON THE
OTHER SIDE
OF THE
GREAT
VOID!

JUMP?
I... I'M
AFRAID!

DO NOT
FEAR... YOU
ARE *BEYOND*
EARTHLY
PAIN NOW!
AND IT IS
THE *ONLY*
WAY!


IF... IF
I MUST!
GOODBYE,
WORLD!

EEEEAARGH!




HE JUMPED!
HE'S GONE!
WE'VE DONE
IT! THE
PERFECT
MURDER!

DARLING! NOW
THAT THAT
FOOL'S
GONE, WE CAN
LIVE TOGETHER
AND SPEND
HIS MONEY!



IT
ALMOST
DIDN'T WORK!
HITTING HIM
ON THE HEAD
AND JUMPING
OUT OF THE
CAR BEFORE
IT WENT OVER
WAS A GOOD
IDEA, BUT WHEN
I FOUND HE WAS
ONLY UNCONSCIOUS,
I WAS REALLY
WORRIED!

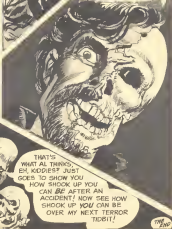
BUT
CONVINCING
HIM HE WAS
ALREADY DEAD WAS
BRILLIANT! NOW HE DID
DIE OF THE FALL!



BUT WE'D
BETTER GO DOWN
AND CHECK! HE *MUST*
BE DEAD THIS TIME, BUT
HE HAS TO BE CLOSE ENOUGH
TO THE CAR OR SOMEBODY'LL
BE SUSPICIOUS!



YES
... WE
COULD NEVER
HAVE KILLED HIM
THERE OURSELVES
AND FAKED THE IN-
JURIES TO LOOK LIKE
THEY WERE FROM THE
WRECK! IT WOULD BE
TOO DANGEROUS!



BACK ISSUES OF STI NOW AVAILABLE!!!!

附錄 10 — 附錄 10 附錄 10

50

FROZEN BEAUTY



THE CASTLE OVERLOOKS A MOUNTAIN PASS ITS OWNER HAS BECOME RICH ON TARIFFS BUT WEALTH ALONE DOES NOT SATISFY ALL DESIRES. WITHIN THE CASTLE'S OWNER WAS A TERRIBLE NEED THAT HAD LONG SINCE DECAYED INTO EVIL WONDERS, AND IT WAS THIS UNHOLY LONGING THAT NOW FORCED THE SORCERER, DARMAN, TO THE CASTLE OF COUNTESS MALEVA.



MALEVA WILL SEE YOU NOW!

WELL, IT'S ABOUT TWICE! SHE KIDNAPS ME, BRINGS ME HUNDREDS OF MILES TO THIS FORSAKEN LAND AND THEN I MUST WAIT TWO DAYS BEFORE SHE WILL SEE ME!



OOOHH! MALEVA, MY DEAR, I DIDN'T REALIZE YOU WERE SO YOUNG!



YOU ARE MISTAKEN, SORCERER... THAT IS MY NIECE MARIANNE...



I AM OVER HERE!



CONTROL YOURSELF, DARMAN! IT SEEMS MY BEAUTY HAS ASTOUNDED YOU. BUT POOR MARIANNE. I AM CONCERNED OVER HER FAILING HEALTH!

LEAVE US NOW, CHILD. I MUST DISCUSS WITH OUR GUEST HOW BEST TREAT YOUR MALADY.

SHE IS BEAUTIFUL. ISN'T SHE, DARMAN?

YET BEAUTY IS SO OFTEN WASTED ON THE YOUNG...

A SERVANT BROUGHT FORTH A CHEST AND SET IT BEFORE THE SORCERER.

IT'S YOURS! A FORTUNE IN GOLD AND PRECIOUS STONES. ALL YOURS!

SIMPLY GIVE ME THE BEAUTY MARIANNE POSSESSES. DARMAN. MAKE THIS GROTESQUE FLESH OF MINE LOVELY AS **HERS!**

YOU WILL CAST A SPELL TO MAKE ME LOOK LIKE MY NIECE...

OR YOU WILL DIE!

A CHILL PASSED THROUGH THE SORCERER. THE MAGIC THAT WOULD GIVE MALEVA THE YOUNG GIRL'S LOOKS WOULD LEAVE MARIANNE A MINDLESS VESSEL TO BE DRAINED UNTIL HER BEAUTY FADER. YET, HE HAD NO CHOICE. MALEVA FURTHER DEMANDS THAT THE CHANGE BE MADE UP ON THE MOUNTAIN. THE COLD, FROZEN MOUNTAIN THAT KNEW NO SEASON BUT DEEPEST WINTER. AND DARMAN SENSED MALEVA'S DEMAND HAD SECRET, SINISTER PURPOSES...

AUNT MAREVA, COULD WE STOP SOON?
I FEEL SO DROWSY. I CAN BARELY
STAY ON THE HORSE.

JUST A BIT FURTHER, MY
DEAR. THE CAPTAIN
KNOWS OF A CAVE
WHERE WE CAN SPEND
THE NIGHT.

ME THINKS THE GIRL
IS DRUGGED!

THERE IS THE CAVE, MARIANNE!
THE SORCERER SHALL SOON
MAKE YOU WELL...



HERE, DARLING, DRINK THIS!
YOU'LL FEEL BETTER!



IS EVERYTHING READY?
THE SPELL WILL CAUSE
ME TO BE LIKE HER IN
STRUCTURE AND APPEAR-
ANCE ONLY. IS THIS
RIGHT?

UH... YES

AND WHILE
MARIANNE'S
BEAUTY BLOOMS
SO TOO SHALL
YOURS, BUT...

GOOD! YOU WILL MAKE
THE SPELL TOMORROW!
**CAPTAIN!
LEND A
HAND!**



WAIT! SHE'LL FREEZE
OUT THERE!



...YES!





FIEND! SHE IS MONSTROUS IN FAR MORE THAN MERE LOOKS! THE GIRL'S BODY WILL NOT DECAY! IT WILL STAY BEAUTIFUL, AS WILL MALEVA ONCE SHE IS TRANSFORMED!

SORCERER! IT IS TIME... A COLD, CLEAR, ICY DAWN... HEH HEH... OUR LITTLE BEAUTY IS FROZEN... FROZEN FOREVER!



NA HAGRATH! SUM TRANSMOBLIOD... MORPHULT!



AS THE UNHOLY CEREMONY PROCEEDED, MALEVA'S MEN WATCHED CAREFULLY TO INSURE THAT THE MAGICIAN PLAYED NO TRICKS...

FINALLY DARKMAN'S HOWLING RITUAL REACHED A VIOLENT CRESCENDO! SHRIEKING, HE FELL TO THE CAVERN FLOOR IN A FAINT! MALEVA TWITCHED, HAD THE SORCERER FAILED? THEN HER FACE UNDULATED, TWISTED THE SKIN DREAMT AGAINST TIGHTENING MUSCULATURE... SLOWLY, PAINFULLY, THE CYCLE OF TRANSFORMATION MOVED TO A MIRACULOUS END!





THE COUNTESS'S CHANGE IN APPEARANCE GAVE HER VAST NEW INTEREST IN LIFE FOR EACH OF THE FOLLOWING EVENINGS GAY REVELS WERE HELD IN THE CASTLE AND NONE WERE SAVER THAN MALEVA...



UNTIL SUDDENLY SOMETHING CUT HER

SOME INVISIBLE FORCE WAS BUTCHERING HER!



THE COUNTESS HAD BEEN DISMEMBERED

AND HER FLESH PAINTS OF HER FLESH ARE BURNING..!



DARMAH HUNCHED NEAR THE FIRE AGAINST THE CAVE'S BITTER COLD THE SAME COLD THAT HAD STOPPED THE BLEEDING OF HIS WOUND SOON, HE WOULD BE ABLE TO GET FREE, BUT FIRST, HE NEEDED NOURISHMENT...



AND OF COURSE THERE WAS ONLY ONE WAY HE COULD GET THAT! FOR SEVERAL DAYS DARMAH WAS REVULSED BY THE IDEA. THEN, WITH SLOW STARVATION RACING HIM, HE REALIZED WHAT IT WOULD DO TO MALEVA...

AND AS YOU SAW, THE SORCERERS VENGEANCE MADE THE MONSTROUS MALEVA GO ALL TO PIECES... AND THEN SOME BLEEDING.



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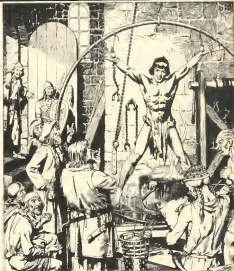
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